MOTHER EARTH

Vol. X. October, 1915 No. 8

LABOR'S LAWYER

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MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. X **OCTOBER, 1915** **No. 8**

LAY OF THE HOBO

By Mac

Left, Right. Left, Right. Beats the marchin' song.
Jesus! but the flies are bad. Lord! the sun is strong
Trackin' like a pleuro bull in the blindin' dust,
Laden like a drover's pack, reach the soak I must.

Left, Right. Left, Right. Faint and stonybroke,
To the job with scorn disdained by the local bloke,
Throwin' back the station towns. Bound for God knows where,
Till the last faint ray of hope fades to gray dispair.

Tramp life, Camp life. Life that's 'neath the ban,
Surly shearer bloke betimes; times a hobo man.
Graftin' like a flamin' horse, livin' like a black;
Half the year a rural serf, half time on the Track.

Left, Right. Left, Right. Through the sunset red,
Like a brumble makin' back to a Shearin' Shed.
Trampin' through the spinifex, down the campel-pad,
Fires o' life to ashes burns; turns the lost one mad.

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Left foot. Right foot. Hercules, the fool,
Ousted by a bleatin' sheep, by a fleece of wool;
Helot of Australia. God of Justice! When
Will the Nomad of the Bush lift his head with men?

Left, Right. Left, Right. On the joyless lead,
Endin' in a dead-beat's job or a vulture's feed:
Kwark-kwark; noon and night raucous-voiced the croak
Ringin' in the Swagman's ears trampin' to the soak.

The Australian Worker

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE Jingoes are trying very hard to impress upon the country the necessity for military preparedness. They are shouting that the United States must prepare for a "case of need" which means war, of course. That war is not prevented by militarism and armament—but on the contrary is hastened and made more terrible just by such preparation—apparently the people can not be made to understand. Sheepishly they walk into this trap for efficient slaughter, set by greed, graft and bloody ambitions. In a prospectus for the military training camp held at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, the significance of this training for murderous efficiency is told in these words:

"The purpose of the camp is to offer an opportunity for business and professional men of military age to qualify themselves for efficient service to the country in case of need.

"Attendance at the camp will not increase either the legal or moral obligations of those who attend. The intention is merely to equip those taking the course of training to fulfill with more efficiency and usefulness obligations which are already laid upon them as citizens of the United States."

In an editorial, the New York *Times* also speaks of the obligations of the citizens of the United States—a propos of the situation in Mexico. Quoth the *Times:*

"By our historic policy we have virtually made ourselves responsible to the European Governments for the losses they have suffered. Vast sums of English, German, French, and Spanish money have been invested in Mexico. If we do not act presently the European creditors will be inclined to take the matter in their own hands. Are the American people to be expected to view that sort of thing complacently?"

Very instructive, indeed!

Citizens of the United States, buy a pair of Stetsons, a campaign hat, a cotton olive drab uniform, an extra pair of breeches as advised in the illuminating prospectus

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of the Military Camp and then try very hard to become an efficient prospective murderer in order to protect the European governments, and the English, French, German and Spanish capitalists and bankers from financial losses in Mexico and elsewhere.

* * *

DR. CONSTANTIN DUMBA, Austrian ambassador to the United States, has been accused of trying to work up strike disturbances in the big American munition factories now working for the Allies. "Comrade" Dumba is so much in sympathy with the General Strike that not only would he back it morally, but financially as well, provided, of course, that the workers of the factories, which turn out the tools of murder for the Allies, would be in the game. If the workers in the munition factories of Austria and Germany were to proclaim a General Strike, Dumba and his co-governmentalists would not hesitate a moment to declare that such "traitors" should be shot without further ceremony.

But after all, this diplomat seems to understand more about the importance of proletarian economic warfare than American Union Labor leaders, who certainly show not the least sign of understanding the present economic situation. They are like the fool in the fairy tale, who, when it rained porridge, found himself without a spoon. They do not even grasp the opportunity to secure for American labor a larger share of the tremendous profits American capitalism is reaping from the war, while the thought of a nation-wide General Strike, participated in by the workers of all nationalities in this country in the name of international brotherhood and solidarity, is not even dreamt of. So far only parts of the English workers have shown during this insane slaughter anything like resistance and syndicalistic spirit; while the workers of France—cradle of liberty and resolution—and the workers of Germany—so well trained by scientific and political Socialism—seem to be entirely deluded by nationalistic buncombe.

* * *

IN these days it is fashionable for the rulers of monarchies and republics to visit battlefields and trenches. Rockefeller, Jr. does so too. He has been inspecting the

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battlefields of Colorado, close to the bloody ruins of Ludlow, where the tent colony of striker families was burned, where women and children and men workers were massacred by the hired thugs of the Standard Oil.

The ruler of American industries went there, the newspapers inform an intersted public, to console those subjects who survived the massacres. Armed with his rubber stamp Sunday School sermons, he has been telling the miners he considers them his partners, has preached to the children always to obey their teachers, has suggested to the women that their wretched homes would look so very pretty if they dug gardens all around them. Shameless hypocrisy! But his life was not threatened, nor his health impaired in any way. Some of the miners, it seems, did indulge in suggestions that young Mr. Rockefeller should have been arrested as an accomplice in the murderous assaults upon the strikers. But they still believe in law and justice, however, even though their fellow workers and their own people have time after time been slaughtered in the name of this selfsame Law and Justice.

POOR dear Anthony has passed away, to resume, we suppose, his endless work in the suppression of vice in other fields. Only now as the shock of our great loss begins to penetrate our thick and defective skulls, can we realize the stunning blow that has been dealt to the revolutionary movement in America by the death of Comrade Comstock. To Anthony is due, to no small extent, the prevalent idea that sexual pleasure is rendered doubly enticing by a dash of indecency, a *soupcon* of obscenity. While less subtle crusaders were crying for honesty and frankness and openness in sexual relations, he wisely realized the extreme value of suppression, secrecy, illicitness. These measures, as our great confrere clearly saw when the rest of us were groping in the dark, were quite necessary to keep alive the feeble flames of passion and animality in a society that was rapidly becoming impotent through the efforts of inattractive suffragists and feminists. Nor are we among those who would suggest for a moment that Comrade Comstock was actuated by any but the noblest motives, that he had merely built up a tremendous business of snoopery, out of which

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numerous abnormal sexual *imagistes* gratify their unholy impulses, all in the name of morality. Rather we feel that our comrade was moved to emphasize eroticism in a world that was on the point of "sublimating" the poor thing.

Now that Anthony is gone, what, may we ask, is to become of his famous collection of naughty pictures and postcards? This collection, carefully selected, we have read, out of all the thousands of tons of material the great crusader destroyed, represents only the choicest bits of scrabrousness, the most piquant plums of perversity, the concentrated essence of viscous vices. If such a collection exists, ought we not preserve it as a monument to Morality, a fine sample of all that capitalized and endowed Righteousness can attain, after years of unremitting labor. This collection is the concrete expression of Anthony's life work. Compared to it, what can vice and immorality show? Little or nothing indeed; a few passing and pleasant hours, a bit of loyalty, perhaps, but nothing so awe-inspiring as a collection of dirty postcards and photographs!

* * *

COINCIDENT with the conviction of William Sanger for the distribution of birth control pamphlets, arrives the announcement of dear sweet Mrs. E. H. Harriman's plans for the sterilization of no less than 15,000,000 American "defectives:" Here is birth control with a vengeance. But since dear Mrs. Harriman, J. D. Rockefeller, Alexander Graham Bell, Andrew Carnegie, Irving Fisher and so many other highly respectable folk are to finance this crusade, it is highly moral and "eugenic." It is hardly possible adequately to express one's admiration for these estimable people who are so certain of the defectiveness of members of the lower classes and so certain of their own godliness. Still, certain aspects of the noble plan, certain participants of this moral mutilation are of such a character that we modestly prefer to align ourselves with whomever they choose to call defectives, even at the risk of sterilization, rather than be placed in the same class with such holy eugenists. As an expression of good faith, these scientists should at least start upon themselves, since, we read in one of Mr.

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Hearst's newspapers, "the sole effect is to prevent the reproduction of human life." Why not start with J. D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, just to arouse public opinion in favor of the plan?

THE chief actors in the case against seven members of the Cloakmakers' Union, now on trial for murder in New York City, are renegades, crooks, perjurers, and informers. Upon the testimony of such noble souls the Police and the District Attorney have built their frame-work of "convincing" evidence. The Cloakmakers grew too strong; several thousand members demanded decent working conditions, better wages, shorter hours—such an attitude was unendurable and a "danger to society." Something had to be done. And so the spokesmen for the Cloakmakers were arrested and indicted.

It will be a very poor showing if the workers of New York and the country are unable to see through such a rotten game, and to bend every effort to get the fellow workers out of the claws of a law that relies chiefly on the integrity and "truthfulness" of the most despicable and foul products of modern society.

* * *

Joe Hill was not shot on October 1st as the program of State Utah's justice demanded. At the eleventh hour President Wilson sent a telegram to Governor Spry asking for a stay, and the rifles did not go off. On October 16 the case will come before the Board of Pardons. Also there is a strong possibility of a new trial. The first verdict seems to be based on such flimsy, far-fetched evidence, and looks so obviously blood-thirsty, that Hill's prospects for gaining his liberty now appear bright and promising. The I. W. W. poet and rebel may soon join again the ranks of militant Labor.

TO OUR FRIENDS

THOUGH we have only recently returned from our tour, we are already preparing for another. This not because we wish to play false to New York, but because we feel that the cities between New York and Chicago have greater need of our work.

We open with five lectures in Philadelphia beginning the 26th of October to the 30th.

Washington, D. C. November 1st to 7th inclusive.

Pittsburgh, November 8th to 13th,

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Cleveland, November 14th and 15th,
Youngstown, November 16th and 17th,
Chicago, November 21st to December 5th.

Halls and other details to be announced later. We would like to hear from our friends who desire dates after Chicago.

EMMA GOLDMAN
BEN. L. REITMAN

We open in New York City early in January, but we are eager to see all our New York friends at the MOTHER EARTH Fall Festival, October 16th.

* * *

THE WAR AT HOME

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN

I AM sick of the sentimental gush that is being peddled everywhere about the war in Europe and the terrible shedding of blood there.

What is the matter with the war in our own country, right here at home, and the blood dearly shed in our "peaceful" United States?

No one seems to care about that. Every soft-hearted shemale bemoans the brave soldiers killed in the trenches, and copious tears are shed over the homeless and starving Belgians. But what about the 35,000 killed and the 2,000,000 wounded in this country? And the thousands left without home or support?

It happened right here, in America. It's dreadful to think of. Yet these are the very conservative figures of the United States Bureau of Labor.

That's the losses suffered by the Army of Labor annually in this country.

Say it again:

Killed: 35,000
Wounded: 2,000,000.

I haven't heard of any relief fund organized by charitable and Christian America to aid *her own* war sufferers. Nor have I heard of any Ford donating ten millions to bring about peace in the United States.

Indeed, not! His own factories contribute their respectable quota to the total of killed and wounded soldiers in the labor war of his own country.

This war the Fords and the Bryans and the rest of the peace lovers *have* no desire to stop. For it would mean the shutting off of their blood-begotten profits.

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In this war also there are prisoners. But the treatment accorded prisoners of the European war is the height of generosity and courtesy as compared with the fate of the prisoners in labor's war.

There they are looked upon as defenders of their country; fallen into the hands of the enemy; here they are considered *criminals* fit only for the gallows or the penitentiary.

But most peculiar of all: the prisoners of labor's war are always, without exception, from *the ranks of labor,* Never a one from the ranks of the enemy.

Why? Why?

Who will answer?

* * *

At this very moment scores upon scores of labor's prisoners are in the hands of the enemy. Every day almost I receive letters from prisoners in various parts of the country, voices of labor martyrs mute and unknown. The Rangels and Clines, the Joe Hills, the Fords and Suhrs, the John Ryans, the McNamaras—their name is legion: from East to West their maimed corpses and tortured bodies strew the battlefields of Labor that mark the pilgrimage and martyrdom of Man.

Aye, from East to West. At this very moment the enemy in the East clutches with murderous intent seven prisoners of labor, of the very labor that clothes and feeds the enemy even while the war goes on. Seven prisoners—seven cloakmakers—whose great crime is that they served their brothers faithfully and well.

And in the West two others, David Caplan and Mathew Schmidt, for whose warm life-blood the enemy is thirsting even because of their devotion and courage on labor's battlefield.

Have you ever seen a fat, sleepy cat suddenly galvanized into dynamic life by the smell of a near-by mouse? Look at her back curve with primitive blood passion, her every fiber tense with the lust of the tiger, her whole body palpitating wiith the ferocity of the jungle, the wild beast ready to spring upon her victim.

Thus crouches the Beast of Capital, entrenched within the black meshes of the Law of its own making, quivering

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with suspended eagerness to encircle within its legal house of bondage its intended victims.

And they?

Oh, Labor, for a great, passionate awakening that shall boldly tear into a thousand pieces the Law's spider web, and joyfully cry out into the wide world: To hell with you and your laws! We will fight you with the weapons of our own choosing till there shall be no more prisoners in Labor's war.

SCHMIDT AND CAPLAN ON TRIAL

By M. B.

THE case against David Caplan and M. A. Schmidt, accused of murder in connection with the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times Building, will be called October 4th, at Los Angeles. Each will have a separate trial; Schmidt probably will be tried first.

The last weeks have been marked by a lively activity on the part of the prosecution and the detectives. As in the McNamara case they want to assure themselves that the prospective jurors are of the real "good quality," believers in Law and Order, enemies of Labors, emancipation, muttonheads who bow low before the higher wisdom of the "authorities." And where these qualities of the good citizen are not quite visible perhaps skillful detectives could shape matters with the help of intimidation, promises and bribery. It leaked out that detectives of the prosecution had visited many of the prospective jurors, but Judge Willis, who will preside at the trial, when he was told about it remarked with wonderful peace of heart he presumed the defense would employ the same methods. According to this judge the defendants in a trial are somewhat like the stake in a game, about which two bull-dosed, possible bribed parties gamble. It certainly takes courage to play the role of the impartial judge under such circumstances. Of such courage Judge Willis undoubtedly possesses a great portion. On September 15th he was asked by Chas. H. Fairall, chief counsel for M. A. Schmidt, to call in an outside judge to preside over the trial but declined to do so. Fairall published a statement about the interview in which he says:

"I asked Judge Willis to-day to agree not to preside over

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the trial of M. A. Schmidt on the ground that he is surrounded by influences which make it impossible for him to give the defendant a fair and impartial trial. I told him that the same fact existed with reference to all other Los Angeles county judges. I therefore asked that he step aside and call in a judge from outside this county.

"Judge Willis refused my request. He said that it was his duty to try the case and that he did not want to ask another judge to take up the burden of the trial. I told him I did not see how any judge could consider it his duty to try a case when he was not wanted.

"Judge Willis said he presumed Schmidt and his co-defendant, David Caplan, did not wish to be tried by any judge. I said that remark showed his mental attitude was such that he could not preside with fairness. That terminated our conversation.

"Judge Willis then said if any one was doing anything improper with the jury he would send him to jail, but I told him that he would not even let us be heard on that subject when the time came."

Enough evidence to show in what spirit trials against militant Labor are conducted and that "justice" is getting more and more corrupt and shameless.

The hope of Labor does not lie in courts and a "fair trial" but in the courage and solidarity of the working people themselves.

Caplan and Schmidt will have to fight through a tough life and death struggle, they should have through the long weeks of the trial the consolation that the intelligent and active part of the American workers is with them in their ordeal.

'ORRORS, 'ORRORS!

BY MATHEW A. SCHMIDT

THE papers of Tuesday, September 7th, printed two articles that should be of great interest to the men and women who toil.

Under scare headings it is announced that at thirty minutes past eight o'clock, on the night of September 6th, (Labor Day), some bold, bad man entered the home of Ogden Armour and with the assistance of sundry implements of warfare, did then and there forcibly but surely purloin several thousand dollars worth of jewels and some real money. All the pleadings and threats of the assembled Armour family could not soften the heart of the bold brigand, nor prevent his crime.

Under another heading, the same papers tell us that at exactly thirty minutes past eight o'clock, on the night

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of September 6th (Labor Day), the seismographs at Cleveland, Washington, and New York recorded violent tremblings of the earth. To the average layman and to the multitude of pseudo-scientists, these two articles have no more than passing interest. To the men who make a study of effects and causes of extraordinary phenomena, the connection of these two events is clearly shown.

When some years ago Judge Landis, a man with evidently little regard for the stability of either Society or Government, fined J. D. Rockefeller $29,000,000, we all remember how the learned editors, and other far-seeing wise men, warned us of the results that would follow the collection of such an amount of money from so benevolent a personage as Mr. Rockefeller. Fortunately for society and our great institutions, the higher courts overruled the decision of Judge Landis. Of course, the plebeian element of society howled and cried favoritism. In the light of Monday night's events, we can now see that the Judges of the higher Courts knew what they were doing, and from what dire calamities they were saving us.

In the past, whenever Labor has tried to better working conditions, or to increase wages, or through legislation has tried to obtain decent living conditions, but which would have in a measure disturbed the financial conditions of the Rockefellers, Morgans, or Vanderbilts, we have always been told to keep our hands off. Mr. George Baer told us very plainly that, "God in his infinite wisdom had placed the resources of the country in these gentlemen's hands." He even hinted at the gross impropriety of Labor in trying to make a change.

At that time there were, and no doubt there are today, heretics and unbelievers who scoffed at this arrangement. But have there not always been "Doubting Thomases?" History tells us that in every age there were men who seemed to have a mania for disturbing the peaceful equiliberium of society. There are always people who cannot leave well-enough alone.

Let us hope that the warning on Monday night will not go unheeded. Does this not show that Mr. Baer knew whereof he spoke? Let us be thankful that the amount the brigand got from the Armours was relatively small. We may well reflect at the possible result had the scoundrel been able to make a haul of say, $100,000.

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THE CONVICTION OF WILLIAM SANGER

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT

IF a law is objectionable, there are two ways to get around it. One way is to change it; the other is to break it. In all ages have been men and women who were so impetuous, so ardent, so idealistic, that they broke unjust laws rather than submit to them. Of this type are the spiritual heroes and pioneers. Of this type are William and Margaret Sanger.

When William Sanger gave a copy of his wife's pamphlet on family limitation to a Comstock agent last December, he broke the law. As it happens, he was trapped into breaking the law. But the fact that he broke the law remains. He could not deny it if he would, and he would not if he could.

When Sanger was arrested by Anthony Comstock a month later, and found himself in the toils of the legal system that he had violated, he was taken by surprise. He spent a night in prison. He appealed to his friends for help. He was determined to fight, but he had not decided at that time how he would fight.

The Free Speech League came to his rescue. Bail was raised. Conferences were held. Literature was published. An appeal for money to fight the case was issued by the League, and sent to liberals throughout the country. Gilbert E. Roe was retained as counsel.

Then began a movement in Sanger's behalf which at first was waged from a strictly legal point of view, but which ended in a successful effort to carry the whole controversy on to a plane far above the technicalities of legal procedure.

Mr. Roe did all that it was humanly possible for a lawyer to do. He went before Judge Swann of the Court of General Sessions in New York, and asked for a jury trial for his client. The request was denied, and the Judge went out of his way to attack Mrs. Sanger's pamphlet. Mr. Roe then appealed to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York State for a jury trial. Again he was defeated. The Sanger trial, after many postponements, was finally set for September 10th, and was slated to come up before three judges of the Court of Special Sessions in New York.

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Through all this legal fencing Sanger was restive and protestant. He felt that it was all beside the mark, and he gave only a passive consent. He knew that the dice were loaded against him. He did not expect to get justice in the courts. As a part of the regular legal routine he was asked to consent to the appearance of "character witnesses" who would testify that he was "upright" and "law-abiding." Sanger felt that his character needed no props of this sort. It was suggested that he go into court and profess ignorance of the law under which he had been arrested. But he refused to resort to subterfuge. In short, he felt that the only manly course for him to take was to defy the courts, not to try to propitiate them.

And so, a few days before the trial took place, he consulted with his friends and decided to dispense with a lawyer. He came into court on September 10th with no defense except the statement that he had written and that he proposed to read.

The atmosphere in the court-room that day was tense. A hundred liberty-loving men and women crowded into the room to give Sanger their moral support. Robert Minor, Alexander Berkman, Carlo Tresca, and Elizabeth Flynn were a few of the outstanding figures. At least a hundred more were denied admittance.

Sanger presented a tragic and inspiring figure. He stood alone, pale, solitary and courageous. Before him loomed the sleek figures of the three Judges on the bench. He was confronted, first, by Comstock's creature, Bamberger, who admitted that he had come to him last December under a false name and that he had obtained the pamphlet, "Family Limitation," under false pretences. Then he was confronted by Comstock himself. As it happened, this was the last time that the old man was to appear in public. Two weeks later, he was dead.

After Comstock had testified, Sanger tried to read the statement that he held in his hand. He was checked again and again by the Presiding Judge, McInerney. Here are some of the things that he tried to say:

"I am charged with having violated a statute of the Penal Law of this State which makes it a crime to furnish information regarding the prevention of conception. I admit that I broke the law, and yet I claim that, in every real sense, it is the law, and not I, that is on trial today."

"I was trapped into handing a pamphlet on family limita-

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tion to an agent of Comstock. This self-appointed censor of our morality and his agent did not hesitate to use criminal methods to make a criminal out of me. But I deny I am a criminal."

"I am proud to be identified with the work of that noble woman, Margaret Sanger. Even if she were not my wife, I would consider it an honor to link my name with hers. I stand for everything in this phamphlet as written by this illustrious pioneer."

"Comstock is the victim of an incurable sexphobia. He is ignorant and without the intelligence to distinguish between pornography and scientific information."

"Torquemada and Loyola attempted what Comstock has attempted, and failed, and time has linked their names with the Great Delusion—ending in the fagot and the stake."

"The race has long ago emerged from the era of witchcraft, but yet today witchcraft exists in a different form, in the shape of obscenity laws."

"I deny the right of the State to encroach on the rights of the individual by invading the most private and fundamental relations of men and women. I deny the right of the State to compel the poor and disinherited to rear large families and to drive their offspring to child labor when they should be at school and at play. I deny the right of the State to exercize dominion over the souls and bodies of our women by compelling them to go into unwilling motherhood."

Judge McInerney finally forbade Sanger to read further, and delivered himself of the following homily:

"You state that you have done nothing wrong. Your crime is not only a violation of the laws of man, but of the law of God as well, in your scheme to prevent motherhood. Too many persons have the idea that it is wrong to have children. Some women are so selfish that they do not want to be bothered with them. If some persons would go around and urge Christian women to bear children, instead of wasting their time on woman suffrage, this city and society would be better off."

After conferring with his colleagues, the Judge went on to say:

"Men like you are a menace to society. I wish that I could give you a prison sentence. I sentence you to pay $150 fine, or to go to prison for thirty days."

Sanger drew himself up to his full height and replied: "I refuse to pay the fine! I would rather be in prison with my ideals and convictions intact, than out of it, stripped of my self-respect and manhood."

At this there was a strong burst of applause from those assembled in the court-room. The Judges rose from their seats and called in vain for "order." The hand clapping only grew louder. Then court attendants cleared the room, and Sanger was forced into a prison-cell.

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Thus the William Sanger case was disposed of by the Court of Special Sessions in New York. But the William Sanger case is only the beginning of the real fight for the right to impart information regarding birth control in this country. Margaret Sanger, who has been in Europe during the last year, announces her intention of returning to America in the near future and of fighting out, to the bitter end, the issue that she has raised. She deserves, and she will receive, whole-hearted support in her efforts to nullify and to abolish the laws that make it a crime to impart information on the subject of birth control.

WAR AND THE WORKER

By W. S. VAN VALKENBURGH

THE country person may be able to inform us why girls go wrong, but if there is any psychologist on the face of this planet who can explain why supposedly sensible men will suddenly cast all reason to the winds and make themselves suffer for the benefit of other people he has not yet risen, nor has his voice been heard.

Not much longer than a year ago great preparations were under way for an International Congress to be held at Vienna. A world meeting that expected to take up the question of international war and formulate a program that would make impossible in the future such carnage as now sweeps all Europe.

But a Roman Catholic politician of the Hapsburg breed was shot by a student. Popular histories of the United States tell us that the battle of Lexington was the "shot heard round the world." By such a criterion then, future historians must write of the shot in Serajevo that it was the explosion that tore the mask of hypocricy from the face of 20th century barbarism.

Austria demanded an apology that was not forthcoming from Serbia. Her insistence aroused the slumbering Bear to the protection of his mischievous Cub. The movements of Russia menaced the peace of the Prussian Eagle which prompted the Kaiser to snap the whip and Hell was let loose. All that followed is but an aftermath.

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The German Socialists castrated themselves from the International. Then came a rapid succession the allegiance of "loyalty" to their various governments by the Socialists of all countries on Europe; Italy remaining sane until the last.

When Marx and Engels wrote in the Communist Manifesto that "workingmen have no country," they wrote a falsehood. Either that, or the position of the Socialist movement abroad is a sanctimonious mockery to the memory of its founders. There are no two ways about it. Wars are right and men should fight them valiantly, or they are wrong and no man should consciously pick up a gun to kill his brother.

But when the whole German movement and the movement of the other countries flocked to the aid of their masters they openly repudiated the teachings they had given the world for over half a century. Politicians took their seats in the capitalist councils where they could not have had a hearing previous to the war. But to the credit of those who so suddenly became a part of the State they had hitherto denounced it should be said that they only acted in keeping with their philosophy. They were opportunists; and the opportunity came.

There is also a measure of justification for the Socialists to take up the cudgels for their respective governments; because in the last analysis, the objective of the Socialist ideal is the erection of a great State within the shell of the old that they hope to destroy. To build and maintain that State demands that a military power must stand behind it. Therefore if the Socialist State—or any other conceivable State—would stand, it must be erected upon a foundation of physical force. All the world rests upon force to-day, so why all this silly prattle about International peace when it is a foregone conclusion that so long as nations exist the smaller must protect themselves from the greater?

It is quite another matter tho, when the fact—and we cannot deny that it is a fact—that Anarchists too have fallen victims to the propaganda of national cupidity, is considered. The Socialist may be forgiven for his consistency; but the Anarchist; never!

Gratitude for the ennobling lessons that he has given

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to the world; charity for the veneration of his age and a sort of sub-conscious realization of self-diminutiveness prevents my innermost opinions from expression regarding our old comrade in exile. Kropotkin's position on the war was a sad shock to many of his comrades.

That the author of *Mutual Aid* should so fall from grace is disappointing, to say the least. But that he who gave us in words that burn, "The Terror in Russia" could ever concur with Russia's friends and Allies is almost unbelievable. A short time before the war began I was discussing with a friend the wonderful insight of such men as Alfred Russell Wallace and Peter Kropotkin who in their ripe old age could still pour forth their wisdom unceasingly. My friend held that compared with their former works those of a latter period were inferior; that is to say, that after a certain age, varying in the individual, the mental activities begin to wane. I am not convinced. But it is the kindest rebuke that I can give to Kropotkin to grant that this true. He seems to have developed a magnified horror of Prussian militarism; a hallucination that for the time over-shadows Russian barbarism. Well; Kropotkin knows what that is, surely he has suffered enough because of it. In his relentless antagonism toward German Junkerism he seems to neglect only one thing which he very well knows, and that is: that all Europe can no more crush the spirit of German militarism from *without* than all civilization can crush the despotism of Russia from *without;* both will perish when the people *within* decide it and not before.

Kropotkin is not the only Anarchist that has taken sides in this war, but he is the most illustrious and his action carried much weight.

When men do such things, when they work and suffer for years and years without hope or desire for reward and then just when the critical test of their convictions is thrust upon them they openly repudiate, again for no reward, in substance all they formerly so firmly believed, is it not enough to make us wonder what the trouble is?

The Socialist, as before intimated, has an object for such action; and those in Europe who were fortunate enough to be in responsible positions within the party were very appropriately rewarded by their governments

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in proportion to the extent of their treason and the importance of the individual committing it. The few notable exceptions such as Karl Liebknecht and Clara Zitkin only demonstrate that there is no room in the parliamentarian movement for real revolutionists. The Anarchist has not even the chance of an official bribe, so what moots it to him what country is victorious? *All governments are the enemies of the working-class.*

And this theme brings me to a question that has long been a night-mare to me. Can any mortal under the sun be trusted? Many times has the experience come to all of us when those in whom we trusted and confided shattered our credulity while those in whom we would never have placed faith have proven true. Whether it it an innate or an acquired trait in human nature to be thus elusive I would not venture. The psychologists may answer if they can, but all the theorizing in the world cannot cover up the ugly fact that times without number ideals have been dragged in the mire by those who have suffered all but death for holding them aloft.

However, whether the contention that the human mind is so subject to the various influences and pitfalls that are carefully laid to entrap it is true or not, realy doesn't matter. An Anarchist may hold either a negative or an affirmative view and still be an Anarchist. What is of importance tho, is the fact that by the negation of all external authority the Anarchist position does not admit of the opportunity for that precarious test to be made; hence tho the individual might be inclined toward failure of principle when vested with power, if that power is not granted him he cannot use it. It follows then, that the Anarchist position is the logical solution for such abuses.

The career of the politician is a striking illustration of how deceitful human nature is.

A promising young reformer comes before the people imbued with certain ideas that will benefit the people. After an exciting campaign he is swept into office and the people rejoice. When he takes his seat among the other legislators great things are expected of him. But what happens? Invariably during the interval between election and the time of his taking office a great change comes over him. His entire psychology has been reconstructed. Together with the emotions due to his popular

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victory comes an association among people who are new to him. Various subtle influences gradualy change his whole perspective of life and when the times comes for him to fight for those pre-election reforms he is found wanting. He has betrayed his constituency, and he must do this to attain success. Any other action on his part results in the steam-roller method of elimination. Certain exceptions may be taken, but they are so few in number as to be of little consequence.

In vain do the Socialists advance the theory of party control to thwart the inevitable apostacy of the individual official. They never have put this theme in operation sucessfully and they never can while politics remain politics. There are, among others, two very good reasons why the majority can never control the minority thru Socialist tactics. The first reason is that it is practically impossible for any appreciable number of persons to agree in thought and deed, the other reason is, that granting the possibility of such an agreement, there is no conceivable way of forcing the politician toward whom such action is aimed to abide by it. This has been demonstrated innumerable times.

Because of these reasons—and they are not the only reasons—those who do not approve of placing unlimited power in the hands of any person are Anarchists.

Therefore, how futile it is for an Anarchist above all to take sides with any government. He not only discredits himself with his comrades but he places himself in a ridiculous position with those whose side he adheres to.

We, who yet hold to the original International program, have anything but a sanguinary battle before us. We must hew close to the line that differentiates between progress and reaction. We must continue with renewed efforts the teachings of those principles that between the exploiters and the exploited there can be no compromise. The philosophy of Anarchy does this, for it demands the total abolition of all national, race and religious lines between the masses, regardless of any man-made laws or boundaries.

The difference is that the Socialist can betray himself and his party while the Anarchist, tho he betrays himself, cannot drag his comrades after him.

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It is not pleasant to have to admit that Nationalism is still deeply rooted in the breasts of the people; but this is true nevertheless. With all their sufferings at the hands of the robbers who rule, the people continue to love their enemies and hate their friends.

The Anarchists are the only consistent teachers of Cosmopolitanism, and the task of the future is clearly to break down the patriotic superstition that goads men to slaughter each other for glory and a tin medal.

EMMA GOLDMAN IN SAN FRANCISCO

By David Leigh

EVERYBODY knows that San Francisco made flowers grow out of her own ashes. But everybody does not know that San Francisco has just made stones turn into flowers in behalf of the bravest little spook smasher that ever dared the dark. San Francisco never does things by halves. If she likes you she hugs you; if she doesn't she takes a drink and forgets you. This time she took a drink but it was in celebration of her discovery. And next year when Emma Goldman returns to take the hand of "the City loved round the world," she will find (what she doubtless knows already) that the love and appreciation that are born of growth are the only really great tributes Life has to offer.

The lecture session began on the 4th of July under unusual and gratifying circumstances. Emma Goldman for once talked in a decent hall, decent in the sense that it was both well situated and capacious. And notwithstanding the fact that the press as usual refused to favor her with a word of notice, large and larger audiences attended nightly for twenty-four successive lectures, thereby proving that minority appreciation combined with friendly representation is a force which suppressors would do well to consider.

"The Psychology of War" led the way for a brilliant series of interpretive discourses. The initial audience was generous in numbers even though Mr. Bryan had outdone himself the greater part of the day in a futile endeavor to weary the populace. It was evident he had

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not touched the meat eaters who listened attentively while Miss Goldman singed the wings of patriotism and caused it to fall earthward with a sickening thud.

The next evening "The Misconceptions of Free Love" came nigh causing a panic in the breasts of certain timid persons who were overcome with dread at the thought of Cupid being turned loose. One gentleman in a fever of doubt asked Miss Goldman how she would arrange to care for all the little bastards who certainly would grace this sphere if restrictions were removed. He got his answer. He got it in a searing reference to the numberless little bastards whose wan faces decorate the panes of our handsome orphanages. Miss Goldman quoted Isadora Duncan who said that "the child cannot be legitimatized;" that its birth, its presence are the only legitimization that can be bestowed. It is a frightful manifestation to see human beings trying to twist Life into the channels of their own abortive fancy. The discussion of sex seems always to do this thing.

"Jealousy" set eyes blinking and mouth pursing. Few could follow the reasoning that advocated open windows and unlatched doors. The majority of the audience seemed to think the lad who sets fire to the hearts of mankind would lose his power to generate sparks if the evil eye of suspicion were bandaged in his sight. Meantime Cupid went cavorting around the hall laughing at the puzzled ones. That little boy must be Emma Goldman's child. He seems so at home in her presence.

"The Follies of Feminism" brought out a troop of the faith-charged. It was written in their eyes that they believed heaven itself attainable if only decision be inscribed and dropped in a box. The hall was dotted with unconscious surprises when Miss Goldman told how the women of Colorado were the ones who had fought Ben Lindsley the hardest when he had sought via the polls to render further service to his fellowmen. She drew a life portrait of that police person, Katie Davis, showing how delicate the gentle sex is when it gets a first-rate chance to sandpaper the feelings of helpless humanity. Somehow the opinions that went out of the hall were different from those which came in. It does our sisters good to hear the truth about themselves; and to hear what a useless little plaything voting-paper is.

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"The Immorality of Prohibition and Continence" stirred some of our "good" citizens to the depths. One physician rose to refute Miss Goldman by saying that the sex victims which fill our asylums are the result of incontinence and not continence. Then he had to hear what he undoubtedly knew: that incontinence is caused primarily by the continence which induces abuse, abuse being the necessary forerunner to all incontinence. Truth is nowhere handsomer than when it lights on the stoney pate of Science.

The lecture, "Monogamy or Variety, Which?" all but caused a riot because of the queries it evoked. When it came time for the questions one stately old dame who had a face like a plumber's wrench propounded this astonishing interrogation: "Would any man here be willing to share his wife with another man?" One lone portion of male generosity rose. His nerve was cheered. Then Grandma reversed the question and tested the weaker sex. Two women stood to their guns, and one even took her hat off to emphasize her willingness to share one of Adam's successors. It may be added she was an old maid so her apparent unselfishness should not be over-rated.

"Our Moral Censors" showed Miss Goldman at her best. Anthony Comstock and his crew of joy effacers happened to be holding forth in this City at the time so it was an easy matter to reply with fresh argument to the hypocritic flim flam which serves such dabblers as a base. Every opportunity was given Anthony's supporters to take the platform in his defence but not a spokesman showed himself. One skirted purist fled the hall almost as soon as Miss Goldman began, which prompted the speaker to remark that that was the way reformers usually replied—by taking to their heels.

"Nietzsche, the Intellectual Storm Center of the War" elicited a banner attendance and the keenest attention. Plainly the majority of those who came to hear that lecture had no understanding of nor interest in the philosophy of Anarchism; but they wanted to know why the man who had advocated "the Will to Power" should not be held responsible for the present carnage in Europe. Clearly they interpreted his teachings as favoring the elevation of one weakling over another, whereas nothing

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could have been further from the intent of the great iconoclast.

Miss Goldman pointed out that Friedrich Nietzsche's "superman"—if he emerged at all—must emerge from a revised conception of present standards; that Nietzsche's vision was above and beyond the concepts of today; that only through the effacement of limitation could man measure up to the height conceived by this gigantic intellect. She quoted Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" to show not only his attitude toward the uniformed brand of debility we term "aristocracy," but also his healthy contempt for the buzzing satellites that know only how to whirr but never how to whack. No one having heard Miss Goldman's interpretation could longer list Nietzsche on the side of short-sighted aspiration. She made plain that he stood for the fathoming of depths which at present are hardly conceivable; and that those who dispute this fact prove merely that they do not understand Friedrich Nietzsche.

At the conclusion of the lecture series only a portion of which I have been able to touch upon there occurred in San Francisco an event of the first importance. Emma Goldman not only spoke in respectability's sanctum. She did so by invitation. The feat was due to the grit and tenacity of a little man named Power who demonstrated that size is of no importance where courage and purpose prevail. Mr. Power was in charge of the Religious Philosophies' Congress holding sessions in San Francisco's new Civic Auditorium and he took upon himself the responsibility of having Emma Goldman speak on the philosophy of Atheism. Single-handed he pitted his determination against the frock-coated variety of will power and won to the tune of bravos which must echo in his ears for many a day to come.

Miss Goldman's entry in convention's stronghold was a thing to warm the heart of an Esquimau. Cheer after cheer went up as she picked her way past the dense crowd which tested the hall's capacity. Many were her friends but not all. There was more than goodly showing of the type which waits for the placard of approval to be hoisted before it gives vent to expression.

A minister was to have presided but he was sick or away or busy or something so a member of the news-

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paper fraternity officiated in his stead. Miss Goldman made a laughing reference to her plight. She likened it to being between the devil and the deep sea—from the arms of the clergy to the tender mercies of the press. It was a touching reference and the audience appreciated the sally.

Miss Goldman said that while she was not officially connected with the Rationalist organization she felt that being an Anarchist qualified her to speak since the Anarchists respected no authority, be it from heaven, hell or the earth. She attacked all Gods declaring that the brand made no difference—they all stood for the same thing: the subjugation of the human mind to the idea of power. She answered Nietzsche's query, "Is man only a blunder of God? Or is God only a blunder of man?" by saying that God was undoubtedly the "blunder." She proved reliance on Gods to be a bigger blunder when she sighted the trenches of Europe, the shops, factories and prisons of this and other countries in proof of the impotency of cloud bosses.

Miss Goldman drew attention to the "industry" of religion which she said is a far more pernicious industry than even the making of munitions since its aim and accomplishment is to befog the human mind. She said man's belief in an external power had kept him from discovering himself; and she recommended that he first destroy the phantoms of his own creation in order that he might build anew a civilization which would make this earth a fit habitation for mankind. Miss Goldman further recommended that heaven, by deed of gift, be presented to God and the angels; and that for good measure the priests, preachers, rabbis and other useless paraphernalia be thrown in. A rabbi sat on the platform when this resolution was submitted and if faces indicate anything, he didn't at all take to the notion of being dispatched heavenward.

Miss Goldman concluded with a plea for the visible world as against the flatulent promises of a sphere beyond. She said that all the atheists wanted was the earth, the right to sow and reap the fruits of their toil without paying toll for the privilege of existence. She held all religions up as the mirrors of man's imperfections and declared that only when man ceased to look

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for guidance from without would he find his salvation in the font which springs from within.

As the speaker left the platform the audience in a tempest of acclaim signified its unqualified accord with the spirit which whisks shams to the winds. The atmosphere of the Auditorium, ordinarily staid, of a sudden became transformed with the feeling and color which effervesce spontaneously wherever Life quickens. There was no mistaking the attitude of even those who had come to sneer. They plainly had remained to cheer.

As Miss Goldman made her way past the throng, the friend who walked with her could not help thinking: What if it did take twenty-five years? It was worth it.

* * *

THE PLATTSBURG CAMP—A NEW TRICK

By ABRAHAM FEILER

"Patriotism! Devotion! Loyalty!" Such are the cries at present pervading the air. In a wild frenzy of enthusiastic vociferations, and demagogic approval, all join in multifarious expressions of love and faithfulness for our glorious country, "the land of the free and the home of the brave." A big husky American with large teeth, a long tongue, and a limited brain capacity begins a howl for preparedness and self-defence. Numerous progressive disciples, and a good many other men not overburdened with intellect, fearing to be called radicals and "mollycoddles" for their opposition to war for honor's sake, follow in the trail of the African hunter like a monkey after the organ grinder, and there is a complete transformation from the stout opponent and severe critic of war, to the meek, effeminate creature crying for "national honor" even at the expense of war. Our well-paid officials at Washington like the situation, in the expectation of some good being derived from it.

As a result of these shouts and cries, a number of business men and other high-salaried people have started a military camp for the purpose of military training; but that is not the only reason. By this means an example is set to our unpatriotic of self-denial for the sake of our country. Needless to say this is only the alleged reason and very superficial—there is a far more con-

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vincing cause evident, however, to those who have a keener power of insight than the ordinary. The hypocritical natures of these highest classes of our American society permit them even such a barefaced lie.

Doing nothing the whole year round but sitting in his easy chair, giving a little charity one minute and starving the hopeless in another, pitying the poor wretched people today and directing his foreman to crush them to-morrow, sending contributions for the war victims on the one hand, and sending millions of dollars' worth of ammunition and cash to the belligerent nations on the other, sending arbitrators to settle a strike one day, and hiring guards and cannon to shoot them another—such is, of course, admissibly hard work; on the whole spending his time the whole year "feeding on chicken and studying logic and counting his profits"———it is indeed necessary after so much hard labor to take a little rest and recreation.

Such is their reason for going to the army; primarily they did not even dare to pretend some other motive, but eventually something has resulted which will even act as a greater inducement for them to continue their martial recreations. Whether directly planned or not this has nevertheless been effected, judging by the fact that it will be extremely destructive in its future influence on the poor.

The capitalist realizes that an army is necessary; having a good deal of property it is quite natural that he should wish to protect it. But since the worker has nothing to protect save himself,—a thing more easily lost in the army than kept,—he is sufficiently clever to know that the army is not the proper place for him and would therefore not join it. Secondly he does not need any exercise. Working and perspiring continually at the sledge, pick, or even machine for a miserable existence, is exercise enough for most laborers. The many temptations and attractions of the army vanish quickly.

But "business is business" in capitalistic terms, and the army must be gotten by hook or crook. Furthermore that army is to consist not of their own sons or other relatives, but purely of different people; so a new means is devised in the form of the military camp. *The military camp is nothing but a clever trick of enticing the prole-*

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tarean population into the game of war under the dissimulating pretense of self-defence and of upholding of our national dignity. The mere fact that so many rich men enlist for voluntary service in the army is more than enough to make the average laborer do the same unsuspectingly. Especially is this so when the excuse is "patriotism" and other subtle, diplomatic, but likewise meaningless phrases. The capitalist is made fully aware of this condition; he takes advantage of it. If the rich man enlists, the poor man, being unable to imitate him in nothing else has at least the satisfaction of being able to imitate in this. That is precisely what intentionally or unintentionally has been accomplished. Once enlisted the laboring population is forced to go to fight in case war and for whom? For *"his"* country, a word now easily interpreted as mills, mines and factories,—a place to lay down your health and subsequently your life,—all capitalist property. He has plenty of stuff to protect and many men to do it for nothing.

Poor, blind, creatures who will again fall into a trap set for them by the Rockefellers, Morgans, and similar magnates. And yet trusting blindly to popular sentiment and mob enthusiasm, the workers will again be the sufferers—and sufferers in the most miserable manner.

Once enlisted, all is over! Of course it cannot be expected that people like Mayor Mitchell or other rich members of the camp would be taken away to serve in time of war. Oh no! Such people are only used to set an example for others but not to do anything themselves after the example has been followed. Or as Tolstoy once said about the average reformer, "Do what I say, and not what I do!"

That dire consequences have already been produced by this scheme is evidenced by the fact of a certain member of the camp,—a president of a western trust company,—announcing that in the future he will give a paid vacation of two months to his employees, each summer, for the purpose of military enrollment. He has even intimated that some degree of force will be used to induce them to enroll. It may well be expected furthermore that the clerk will undoubtedly do as requested for fear of losing his position.

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A CHINESE REVOLUTIONIST

(The following sketch of Sifo is by H. E. Shaw, translated from the Esperanto Journal "The Voice of the People.")

Sifo was born in the year 1884, in the city of Hangsang, province of Canton, China. During infancy he was an extraordinary and talented boy, and at the age of 15 he became "Sin-Can" (premier graduate of the college); but not wishing to be submissive to that slavish institution he left and taught himself the different practical sciences, and read most of the best books on those subjects, into which he delved most profoundly, this without a tutor. In 1901, when he was 18 years of age, he concerned himself about the miserable condition of the people and the putrid state of the Chinese Government; he organised public speaking and incited political revolution with excellent results. Then he went to Japan.

Sun Yat Sen, having been defeated in his revolutionary agitation in Hue Guo, also went to Japan, to recruit rebels for what he called his "Ton Men Hue" propaganda (political revolt). Sifo helped him. Not long afterwards, returning to China, Sifo edited a progressive gazette in Hong Kong, and opened a school for women. In 1907 the revolutionaries revived the agitation again. Lee Tsen, a Mandarin, who ruled for a long time in the Canton province, strenuously opposed them, as before, and Sifo came to the conclusion that before anything else they must fight the devil. One morning when Sifo was waiting on the road with a bomb for Lee Tsen, the weapon exploded prematurely, with the result that he was wounded in the head, breasts and limbs. The police arrested him in an unconscious condition, and took him to the hospital; he recovered after having been there about a month, but his injuries necessitated amputating his left arm. He was then arrested and tried in the usual capitalist court, and sent to jail "on suspicion of wanting to kill someone." Sifo defended himself. While in jail, a veritable hell, he worked on a project about "Prison Reform"; and the mayor of the town, on reading the little work, was so astounded at the talent displayed by Sifo that he was instrumental in securing his release. Sifo had been in jail three years. He also wrote there a book on "The Dialect of Canton," which even famous linguists do not fail to admire. (This was probably written in Esperanto—Sifo was a keen Esperantist.) On coming out of prison he went to Hong Kong, and with some comrades started an Assassination Group. In the year 1911 a member of the group threw a bomb at Lee Tsen, the Mandarin tyrant, and he (Tsen) wished to kill a Manchu prince who was the pretender to the Manchurian throne. Halting in Shangai, when the Emperor abdicated, Sifo saw a good chance for propaganda, and took advantage of the opportunity. He returned to Canton and founded the "Fui-Min" (cock-crow in the dark!)

Chinese Anarchist students in Paris published in 1907 a paper in the Chinese language, called the *"New Times"*; in it were different translations concerning the Idea, or the move-

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ment, from the world's leading Anarchists—Bakunim, Kropotkin, etc. But to import it into China was not an easy matter; however, the "Tui Min" managed to get some of the best articles from the *"New Times"* and printed them in leaflet form and distributed them broadcast throughout China; the first sowing of Anarchism in China. In 1912 Sifo founded the Esperanto Group and soon became the vice-delegate of the U. E. A. (Universal Esperanto Association). In the summer of 1913, when the domestic war occurred in China, he saw with his own eyes the crimes committed by the soldiers, and on that account he stronglv attacked militarism in the articles which were written in Chinese and Esperanto in the *"Voice of the People;"* through these articles the new-born *"Voice"* was suppressed, and Sifo had to flee to Macao, Portuguese territory, where he tried again to publish the paper, but the authorities there prevented it. So, after a half-a-year, passing a very trying time, *"The Voice"* reappeared, and is still in existence.

On returning to Shangai, in July of the following year, he founded the Anarchist-Communist group in that city, and by its influence caused all the country rebels to form similar groups. Sifo was courageous, tolerant, decisive and diligent. He published the *"Voice"* gratis, and with but few to help him; also he was editor, administrator and printer, and never let up on his task. In addition he was always in poor health, and when every number of the *"Voice"* appeared, he was, without exception, very ill. When he somewhat recovered he would labour again, as before, and it was really his hard toil that consumed his young life. When he took ill for the last time, his poverty would not permit of his getting a doctor. It was suggested that the printing press be sold to get funds for this purpose, but be would not hear of this, on the grounds that the *"Voice"* was practically the only "live wire" in the Orient, and that it would be futile to sell the machine to save one person! Later on, by the help of friends, he was placed in the hospital, but alas, too late—the disease, consumption, had gripped him too tightly, and after being in the institution only a short time, Sifo died on the 27th day of March, 1915, at the age of 31.

CAPLAN-SCHMIDT DEFENCE FUND

Per ALEXANDER BERKMAN

Previous Total (as per report September M. E.)	**$510.98**
PITTSBURGH, PA.	
Mass meeting, August 22d	10.00
Literature	1.90
Mass meeting, East Pittsburgh	3.15
Painters' Local, No. 6	25.00
Structural Iron workers, No. 3	50.00
Dr. D. Jackson, $5.00; Dr. D. Shaw, XYZ, Ben Amsman, M. Eisner, Dr. Oleon, Dora Levett, Esther Lieb, à $1.00; L. A. Shaw, H. S. Gerstein, Mary Kahan, Gertrude Westerman, A. Harris, U., J. R. Weisman, S. Weisman, H. Schwartz, L. Finn, Mr. Spivax, XYZ, à 50c; Anna Goldenberg	.25
DETROIT, MICH.	
A. B. Mass meeting collection	44.10

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

Collection, meeting	6.45
G. H. Long	3.00

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mass meeting collection	41.00

NEW YORK.

Raincoat Makers Union, Mass meeting, September 14th, Addressed by A. B	100.00
Amalgam. Ladies Garment Cutters, No. 10	24.99
Hebrew Mattress Makers Union	2.00
Ladies Waists and Dressmakers, No. 25	15.00
Non-Basted Childrens Jacket Makers Union	20.00
A. B. Collection Tailors & Dressm. Cooper Union, Sept 21st	23.13
Millinery and Ladies Straw Hat Workers, No. 24	2.00

SPECIAL PUBLICITY FUND

Per B. Jacobson, An. Red Cross Coll. at F. A. S. Excursion, August 14, 1915	15.85
Coll. Ferrer Colony, Sept. 5th	12.00
O/A Mrs. Lansky (O/A Lists 19 and 22)	9.05
H. Golobow	1.00
D. Z. Zimmerman	1.50
Coll. A. B. Talk Ferrer School	6.00
Coll. A. B. Breschi Group	8.02
B. L. Keepnews	1.00
Union Russian Workers	4.00
Sub. List No. 18 per Ida Hartman	1.75
Per A. Blecher and Committees:	
United Laundry Workers, No. 34	2.10
Russian W. J. H	4.86
Russian Branch A. C. W. of A	1.56
W. C. Branch 151	1.00
W. C. Branch Collection	1.13
W. C. Branch 64	1.00
W. C. Branch Collection	2.17
International Arb. Club	1.00
Shnorer's Association	4.50
United Progressive Club, Coll. Concert	2.20
United Progressive Society Coll	1.00
Mohilever on Dniepr Ass'n	1.00
Mohilever on Dniepr Collection	2.00
N. B. of B. L., No. 6	3.00
N. B. of B. L. Collection	2.50
Anarcho Syndicalist League Collection	2.50
Berdichever Branch, No. 245	1.00
W. C. Br. 53	1.00
Chernig. Br. 361	1.00
Journeymen Bakers and Confectioners, No. 164	2.00
W. C. Br. 148, Brooklyn	1.00
Mr. Plotkin	.75
Tillie Baily	.29
Per A. Blecher Sub. Lists (Minus $3.75 expenses)	4.82
BROCKTON, MASS, per A. Gordon	8.65
DETROIT Donations	9.50
DETROIT, Sub. List, per A. Belkin	5.90
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